something hostile in its whole being to relativity
and its eternal contrary. By this false step of our
logic we get into an impasse. Our own existence
and the existence of the universe become not only
a mystery, but logically inconceivable. For we
get by that to an Absolute which is incapable of
relativity and exclusive of all relatives and yet the
cause or at least the support of relativity and the"
container, truth and substance of all relatives. We
have then only one logical-illogical way of escape
out of the impasse; we have to suppose the
imposition of the world as a self-effective illusion
or an unreal temporal reality, on the eternity of
the formless, relationless Absolute. This imposi-
tion is made by our misleading individual
consciousness which falsely sees Brahman in the
figure of the cosmos—as a man mistakes a rope for
a serpent; but since either our individual
consciousness is itself a relative supported by the
Brahman and only existent by it, not a real reality,
or since in its reality it is itself the Brahman, it is.
the Brahman after all which imposes on itself in
us this delusion and mistakes in some figure of
its own consciousness an existent rope for a non-
existent snake, imposes on its own indeterminable

pure Reality the semblance of a universe, or
if it does not impose it on its own consciousness,
it is on a consciousness derived from it and
dependent on it, a projection of itself into Maya.
By this explanation nothing is explained; the
original contradiction stands where it was.